

In Afghan Fields the Poppies Grow

Among the corpses row on row spreading  
out from there and carpeting

the world with graves. Victims all  
of craving, greed, and war. If you  
break faith with those

who've died the nightmare will come home  
to you. Other's children riddled on  
their way to school suddenly

becoming yours.

Won't be for a while, but it's the only thing  
this meretricious administration will be right about,

having bought it for us, thus

does madness migrate in the craving, war, and greed,  
That triplet continuously endorsed  
by leaders everywshire.